

(Continued from Yesterday.) CHAPTER XXVII,

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE

thither unobserved by the city and by M. Rivarol's ships, and all the time the air had been aquiver with the roar of guns from sea and land, announcing that battle was joined between the French and the defenders of Port Royal. That long, inactive waiting was straining the nerves of both Lord Willoughby and Van der Kuylen. Blood faced them, smiling confidently. "It's this way, now; there's nothing at all to be gained by precipitancy, and a deal to be gained by delaying, as I shall show you, I hope. Sure, it'll be time enough to go forward when the fort has shot its bolt. . ." He broke off to listen. "Aye, I was right. The fire's slackening. Ho, there, Jeremy."

Came the padding of feet along the decks, the creaking of blocks and the hoisting of sail. The helm was put over hard, and in a moment they were moving, the Elizabeth following, ever in obedience to the signals from the Arabella, whilst Ogle the gunner, whom he had summoned, was receiving Elood's final instructions before

Where the fort had stood they

ports swinging broadside on must have given check to Rivarol's soaring exul-tation. Yet before he could move to give an order, before he could well resolve what order to give, a vol-cano of fire and metal burst upon him from the buccaneers, and his

New York -- Day by Day--

wanted on a criminal charge, in a

It is exiomatic among criminals selves preparing to fire upon the It is exiomatic among criminals that the best place in the world to hide is in New York. And it is. Yet nearly all criminals are captured because they overlook the first lesson in detective work: "Cherchez la were ordered to the poop, grapnel men were posted, and prompt to obey

This man had many Broadway Blood's command at the very moment of impact. As a result, the foundering Arabella was literally kept affoat by the half dozen grapnels that in an instant moored her firmly to the Victorieuse. fortunes only one showed any degree

of lovalty.

One night one left her apartment heavily veiled. She took a taxi to a subway station, boarded an uptown The buccaneers fought with the desexpress, doubled back downtown and took an elevated train. It was all done with a rush but she never got no ship to which they could retreat,

And he followed her to a tiny apartment where her fugitive sweetheart was hiding. He who had tasted the end, and at cost of nearly half heart was hiding. He who had tasted

This is the inevitable toll Broadway exacts from those who stem the whirlpool. And the laughing waters went down with a bullet in his head, and the French remnant, numbering scarcely a score of whole men, called for quarter.

Even then the labors of Blood's mock the lips of those who sink. men were not at an end. The Eliza-Men have been able to play Broad-beth and the Medusa were tightway a habit are invariably losers.

New York has several lost streets Shinbone Alley is one. It is tucked away down town and seems uncon scious of the world about it. It is shabby and run down at heel. The criss crossing of cloths lines from house to house suggests ships aloft and there is enough canvas strung on them to send a barkentine spanking along, Many washwomen live in Shinbone alley. There is the pungent oder of suds and the smell of cabbage

Then, too, there is Cherry Lane where city dwellers have fled for a little of quiet. Away back it bloom ed with cherry blossoms. It is the home of Edna St. Vincent Millay, the poet. Where there was once an old malt house there is now the Cherry Lane playhouse with a smart little porte-cochere. Many sculptors live there, quite a few painters and a novelist or so. A few years ago a single cherry tree stood in Cherry Lane but it was cut down. It was old guarled and a bit passe.

The other day I visited a man held in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue. He had been untrussed by booze and for three days was in the strait jacket. He had been a friend of other days a clear eyed, manly fellow with much ambition.

"What made you take to hard drinking?" I asked. "Because I was a damn fool," he

I don't know how it will impress others but it struck me as being a ser mon straight from the shoulder Truth without frills.

The venerable orderlies about hospitals are odd characters. Each hospital has them. They, like the Cherry Lane tree, are old, guarled and a bit passe and New York in its usual fashion passes them by. They are very comforting to the sich (Copyright, 1924.)

decks were swept by the murderous scythe of the broadside. The Arabella held to her course, giving place to the Elizabeth, which, following

the Arabella, whilst Ogle the gunner, whom he had summoned, was receiving Blood's final instructions before plunging down to his station on the main deck.

Within a quarter of an hour they had rounded the head and stood in to the harbor mouth, within saker shot of Rivarol's three ships, to which they now abruptly disclosed them. Arabella plunged and reeled into the cloud of smoke that concealed he

now beheld a smoking rubbish heap, and the lily standard trailing from his mastheads was sweeping forward to snatch the rich prize whose defenses he had shattered.

The blue and gold flank of the Victorieuse loomed through the smoke. But even as fenses he had shattered.

Blood scanned the French ships, and chuckled. The Victorieuse and chuckled. The Victorieuse and glimpse he perceived, too, how slugging the Moure of the Medusa appeared to have taken no more than a few scars; but the third ship, the Baleine, listing heaving to larboard so as to keep the great gash in her starboard well above water, was out of account.

The sight of that great red ship of sturdy rogues whom his whistle had summoned, were crouching fo shelter amid the wreckage of th The sight of that great red ship shelter amid the wreckage of the with her gilt beakhead and open forecastle with grapnels ready. With in seven or eight yards of the Victorieuse, when they way seemed spent, and their forward deck al ready awash under the eyes of the jeering, cheering Frenchmen, thos

men leaped up and forward, and hurled their grapnels across the chasm. Of the four they flung, two reached the Frenchman's decks, and fastened there. Unhesitatingly all threw themselves upon the chain of one of those grapnels, neglecting the other, and heaved upon it with all their might to warp the ships together. Blood sent out his voice in

By 0. 0. McINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 7.—They trapped one of Broadway's biggest spenders, wanted on a criminal charge, in a forecastle they blazed over the heads wanted on a criminal charge, in a tiny walk-up apartment in Harlem the other day. He had been hiding away for a month while the shrewdest detectives sought him.

Torecastle they hadzed wher hidden of Hayton's men, mowing down the French soldiers who, unable to dislode the irons, firmly held where they had deeply bitten into the timbers of the Victorieuse, were thembers of the Victorieuse, were thembers of the Victorieuse, were them

Led now by Blood himself, they launched themselves upon the French Detectives working on the "Look for the woman!" theory found out the address of every woman to whom he had paid attention. A sleuth was detailed for each one of them and instructed never to let them out of sight.

One night one left her apartment agrees the decks that were dangerand here they must prevail and make

of the sweets of Broadway was alone ter-deck the surviving defenders -trembling from the indulgence in liquor. All his fair-weather friends had maintained awhile their desperate reshunned him. His bankroll consisted sistance. But in the end Rivaro of 25 cents.

locked, and Hagthorpe's followers wivid eyes looked out preternaturally to him, when Lord Willoughby made were being driven back aboard their bright, and from those eyes two tears it known. It was so far beyond any he had not seen since his arrival, the service of King William.

The service of King William is a service of King William.

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The service of King William is a service of King Wil

measures were demanded. While Pitt and his seamen bore their part with the sails, and Ogle went below with a gun crew, Blood ordered the grapnels to be loosed at once. Lord Willoughby and the admiral were already aboard the Victorieuse. As they swung off to the rescue of Hap-thorpe, Blood, from the quarter-deck THE LAST FIGHT OF THE ARABELLA.

It was the afternoon of that same day, and the two buccaneer ships rocked gently with idly flapping sails under the lee of the long spit of land forming the great natural harbor of Port Royal, and less than a mile from the straits leading into it, which the fort commanded. It was two hours and more since they had brought up thereabouts, having crept thither unobserved by the city and by M. Rivarol's ships, and all the time the air had been aquiver with the roar of guns from sea and land, "Stand by, there! Prepare to board!" Stand by, there! Prepare to board!

gallantly snatched from defeat." He turned and presented to Lord CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOV ERNOR.

It was not until the evening of the following day that Van der Kuy-len's truant fleet of nine ships came to anchor in the harbor of Port Royal, and its officers. Dutch and English, miral's true opinion of their worth. Six ships of that fleet were instantly refitted for sea. There were other West Indian settlements demanding the visit of inspection of the new raised his brows and pursed his heavy mandant.

What the was settled block of the word. What the mission was made out and sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation of sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation of sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation of sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation of sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation.

There were other was the sealed in Mallard brought him word that Bish intention is to send him to his plantation. The admiral the presence of Mallard, the comgovernor general, and Lord Willough

"And meanwhile," he complained My lord we to his admiral, "I am detained here tain Blood. by the absence of this fool of a deputy governor."

He turned and presented to Lord Willoughby a formidable front. His headplece was gone, his breastplate dinted, his right sleeve a rag hanging from his shoulder about a naked arm. He was splashed from head to the will require no insdrucshons, disform with blood and there was blood from a scalp wound that he had taken matting his hair and mixing with en matting his hair and mixing with the grim and powder on his face to render him unrecognizable.

"Aha! But id is not necessary you day lies here, at least as long as the war lasts. When the deserves it."

In the deserves it."

"Shi't the task a trifle invidious?"

Would his excellency receive Miss bishop? He sat quite sall, who whost war's over, you may get back to somerset and cider or your native wondered Blood.

"Yerry well. I'll leave a letter for him. I hope he'll like it."

Captain Blood took up his duties at once. With the sanction of Lord at moment there was sleened in the parameter of them. Then quietly he assented. He rose when she entered, and it he parameter wondered Blood.

"You mean Blood? Egad! I had the grim and powder on his face to remain a many powder on his face to remain for dat. And meandime de war's over, you may get back to Somerset and cider or your native wondered Blood.

"Yerry well. I'll leave a letter for him. I hope he'll like it."

Captain Blood took up his duties at one. With the sanction of Lord at make the best of Jamaica then you'll make the best of Jamaica to them. Then quietly he assented.

He rose when she entered, and it was not as pale as she was, it was because his tan dissembled its. Would his excellency receive it."

In the rose when she entered, and it was not as pale as the war's over, you nave the salleast.

Would his excellency receive. Miss in will be at the sat t "Aha! But id is not necessary you chance.

ity to undertake so onerous a charge

"Damme!" snapped Willoughby, loughly cut in again, upbraiding him I should I offer it unless I were satisfied of your capacity? If that's your with such a golden concertmity as with such a golden concertmity as

lips. His eyes twinkled humorously

by was in haste to sail for the Antillies.

"And meanwhile," he complained My lord wheeled fiercely upon Cap

"If you want your past forgotten and your future assured, this is your chance. Your duty lies here, at least

And then the rasping voice of Willoughly cut in again, upbraiding him Blood's, had come to an end with the he made to steady his voice it sound for his hesitation, pointing out to downfall of King James. They were ed harsh and unduly loud. "You slarm

"And Colonel Bishop?" he asked.

"We sail tomorrow morning." his Willoughby's departure. The orders. lordship announced. Blood was star-

arrest the moment he steps ashore."
Peter Blood sat back in his chair "He becomes your affair. You are now the governor. You will deal Came a tap of the door, and an elder with him as you think proper on his ly negro slave presented himself, return. Hang him from his own yardarm. He deserves it."

Would his excellency receive Miss Bistop? He sat quite still, drum-Bistop? He sat quite still, drum-Bistop? He sat quite still, drum-Bistop? He sat quite still, drum-Bistop?

"Major Mallard exceeded his duty." should I offer it unless I were satised of your capacity? If that's your
his incredible stupidity in trifling
-saving old Wolverstone, who had
been left behind at Cartagena—the
with such a golden opportunity as
"It is not, my lord. I had counted
pon going home, so I had. I am hunry for the green lanes of England."

It shall be as you wish; and very

I downtall of King James. They were
downtall of King James. They were
sown all of King James. They were
downtall of King James. They
downtall of King James.

They were
downtall of King James. They
downtall of King James.

They were
downtall of King "It is not, my lord. I had counted upon going home, so I had. I am hungry for the green lanes of England." It shall be as you wish; and very He sighed. "There will be apple blosgratefully, let me assure your lordsoms in the orchards of Somerset." Ship. I shall know how to earn his was in the orchards of Somerset." His lordship's majesty's approbation. You may devoice shot up like a rocket and voice shot up like a rocket and the word. "What the Thus it was settled. Blood's com-

. . I am glad that you will do that. She held out her hand to him.
He considered it critically. Then
he bowed over it. "I'll not presume

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

OH HAPPY DAY.

NO, NOT THAT BUT WHEN YOU TOLD ME RENROD WAS FLOATING YOUR STOCK AND I FOUND HE WASN'T OFFERING IT FOR SALE I BELIEVED HE WAS INTENTIONALLY TRYING TO CRIPPLE YOU FINANCIALLY SO LIE COULD TAKE THIS BUSINESS OVER ANTHING THAT RENROD WANTS MUST BE GOOD SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A CHANCE - AND IF YOU PREFER I'LL TAKE STOCK FOR THIS LOWN FOLLOW ON, PIGMY, BACK INTO THE OFFICE OF ONE OF THE SWEETEST BUSINESSES THAT BRAINS AND ABILITY EVER STARTED AND SPEND A PORTION OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE SHOWING A LOT OF RESPECT AND CONSIDERATION FOR THE MAN WHO TOOK YOU OUT OF A LITTLE STORE AND MADE A MERCHANT OF YOU HIM AGAINST THIS PEUROD, MR. MELL, MR. HICKOK, JUST WHAT MADE YOUR CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THIS WELL SHERIFF I'M SORRY YOU'RE LEAVING SO SOON - THIS ISN'T BUSINESS I'LL BE BACK BEFORE PLACE ANYWAY - I JUST WHEN MICKOK, BUT HE'S ONE OF THESE SMART ALECKS EVERYTHING PLACE ANYWAY _ I HOPE THE NEXT PLACE YOU CLOSE WILL BE A FURNITURE STORE WHERE THEY HAVE SOFT COUCHES AND BEDS LOAM? YOU MUST HAVE COME TO THE CON-CLUSION THAT I'M A SMARTER BIRD THAN YOU THOUGHT SEEMED. RATHER GO BROKE DARKEST BEING WRONG THE PRESIDENT THAN ADMITTING OF THE BANK DROPPED IN WITH A CERTIFIED CHECK AND SAVED NEBB AND SLIDER **FROM** BANKRUPTCY W.A. CARLSON-(Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Barney Google and Spark Plug

THE WATER CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

OUT THAT HAS A BET ON THAT HE WON'T SMOKE I MUST HAVE

THIS IS A FINE PLACE FER A FELLER TO HANG BY GOLLY: THIS FRESH AIR IS SOME RELIEF!

WE'RE GONNA GO TO

EUROPE IF I GOTTA

GIVE 'EM THE .

CURE MYSELF

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

way a night or so at intervals and aurvive but those who make Broad. Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feeling



DID THEY SAY WHAT

IT WAS ABOUT

ANNABEL - ?











